Winter 2025

Hi,
Hello,
How ya doin?

Nice to see you here, rattling around in the CART together.

This zine is a collection of art — drawings, collages, poems, sketches, paintings, photos and limitless other creations that provide evidence of what makes us human — from a community of artists and regular human beings who like to create but don't adhere to the label.*

CART is the companion zine to Bloomington Zine Club — a free meetup on the third Thursday of each month from 5-7 p.m. at Bloomington Fine Art Supply, located at 207 S. Rogers St. in Bloomington, Indiana.

At Zine Club, we hang out and create zines. I teach newbies how to create their own, and cheer them on. It's fun, unstructured, all-ages creative play time without any rules or formal membership. It's cool. Come try it. Bring your grandpa.

We are what we make, and what we make together.

See ya on Thursday,

Maureen Langley
Host, Bloomington Zine Club

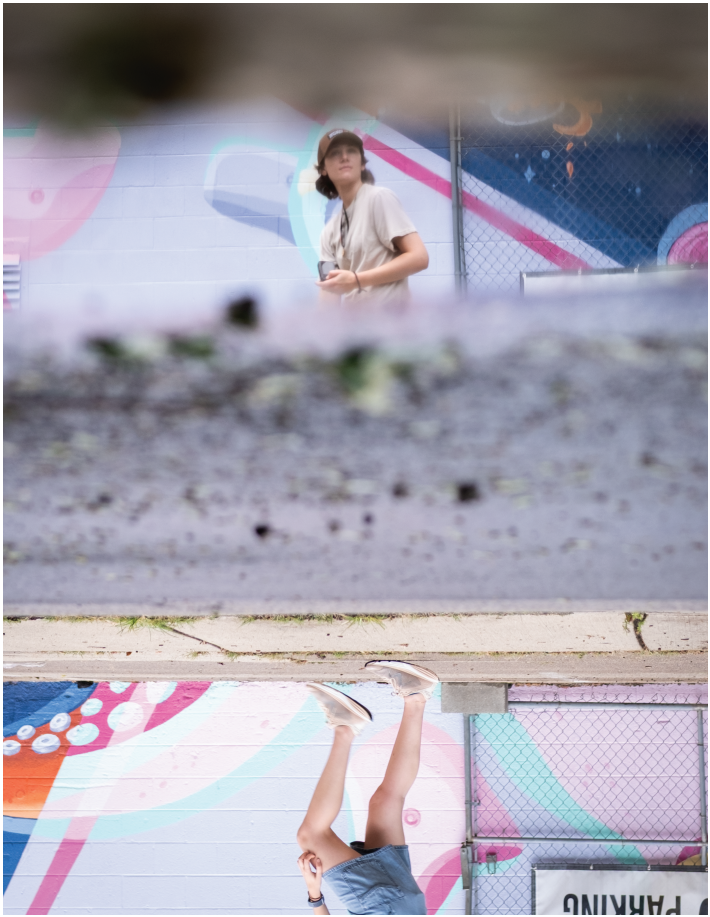
**You're all artists to me, bbs!*

CART Submission Deadlines

February 19, 2026 ✷ May 21, 2026 ✷ August 20, 2026 ✷ November 19, 2026

btownzineclub.com

Britt, SpiderCat Creative



‘Half and half’
Digital photography ✷ Justin Kovach

'Lobster in the Sea'
Collage (repurposed magazines, scrapbook paper)

'Blue World'
Collage (repurposed magazines, scrapbook paper)

* *Ezra Letson*

i am the roadkill

by abigail enos

i am the roadkill.

i am the fucked up raccoon, viscera splattered across the road

i am the turtle with the irreparably crushed shell

i am the insect who is now a smear on a windshield.

i am a bloated deer being picked at by flies and a turkey vulture.

i am the bobcat corpse. rotting away over the course of weeks. a grand creature turned to a pile of fur and flesh and maggots by the ever marching boots of an industrialized species

as i lay on the side of the road,
i bake in the hot sun on scorching concrete

exhaust stings my nose and throat and eyes

the cars are really loud.

i wish i could be rotting in the woods,
a quiet shady patch of dead leaves and creeping insects

instead i am here, roasting on asphalt.

i forgive the driver who hit me

i know in my heart nobody wants to hit an animal. it hurts every time.

my broken deer corpse could've damaged their car

maybe broke a headlight or dented a bumper
i hope the damage is just cosmetic. car repairs are really expensive.

humans need their cars. i'd like to think the driver
that hit me would've taken the bus, if they could've.

but i wish the drivers would slow down

and set aside their distractions.

the animals, we were here first

before interstates and highways subdivided our sacred habitat

before massive shiny new pickup trucks,
more status symbol than anything

came screaming down concrete lanes

turning living bone and flesh into sludge.

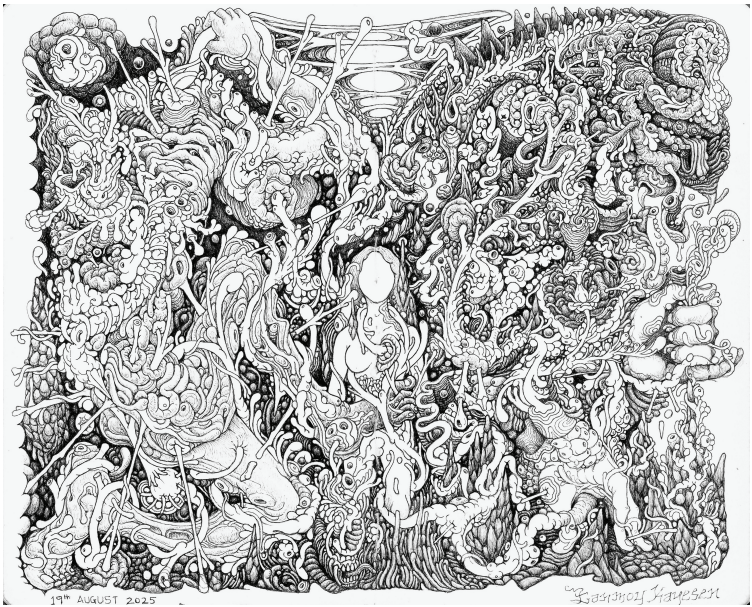
the humans have decided i am worth the sacrifice.

the economic significance of highways and roads is too much

the convenience of expedited travel has been deemed worth the cost of
my life.

in the name of money, and progress, and getting from one place to the other

i have been sacrificed at the altar of the automobile.



‘The Li(v)es We Live’

Micron pens on paper ✸ Tanmoy Kayesen

No to-dos today

say nothing of coulds
or shoulds
or wish-i-woulds

leave crumbs on the counter
a spoon in the sink
the bed unmade
shoes kicked off by the door

stay moored to the couch
let your thoughts drift and settle
like dust

watch the day unfold
like laundry on the floor
warm
and soft
and slow

Willows whispering wild words of wisdom while weeping.

Watery well with wondering wishes within a wronged woman.....

Amber Pinott

‘Patio’
Watercolor and paper ✷ Maureen Langley

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Send your art & your hopes & your dreams to CART at z-cart.carrd.co